PLANT A HOME.

Young beginners in life's morning,
  Don't forget the rainy day;
Sunshine cannot last forever,
  Or the heart be always gay.
Save the dime and then the dollar,
  Lay up something as you roam—
Choose some blooming spot of beauty,
  Some fair lot, and "plant a home."

You, too, who have babes around you,
  Coming up to take your place;
Give them something to remember,
  Homestead memories let them trace.
Would you feel the pride of manhood,
  Let the sun your dwelling greet,
Breathe the blessed air of freedom,
  Own the soil beneath your feet.

You, too, who perhaps have squandered
  Life's fair morn—'tis not too late!
Start at once to woo bright Fortune,
  Rail no more at so-called fate.
Sow the golden seeds of saving
  In the rich and quickening loam;
Spend your last days not with strangers,
  Enter Heaven's gate from home.

THE PEARL DIVERS.

About northwest from Putlam, and distant only a few miles, upon the west coast of Ceylon, was the residence of Sir John Lakin. He had come out from England many years before the time at which we open our story, and engaged in the pearl fishery. He was quite wealthy then, and in this he had an advantage over many of those who were engaged in the same business. He could command the services of the best divers, and he could buy up pearls of those who needed the money. And though he had now amassed a fortune, yet he was still in the business. Money was his god, and he worshiped it devoutly. The baronet's wife was dead, and the only member of the family who was of his own blood was his daughter, an only child. Her name was Bella.

Bella Lakin was nineteen years of age, and was as handsome as her father was avaricious. She did not possess that classic beauty which serves sculptors as ideals of goddesses—but it was a beauty peculiarly her own. It was a beauty of goodness—a beauty that could not have had any life without a warm, noble heart to enliven and soften it. She was short in stature, round and full in frame, with ruddy cheeks and sparkling blue eyes. When she spoke she seemed ready to laugh, for a warm smile was always playing about her lips, and winking in her eyes when her soul was at ease.

One calm, moonlight night, when the fresh sea breeze drove away the heat that had been so burdensome all the day, and the air was filled with the perfume of oriental spices, Bella walked in her father's garden. But she was not alone. By her side walked a youth who had known her long. His name was Allen Wilton. He was an Englishman, born in Calcutta, of poor parents, his father having been a lieutenant in the army. Allan came to Ceylon when only fourteen years of age, and had been engaged as a common pearl-diver ever since—being now four-and-twenty. From his father he had inherited a noble soul, quickness of intelligence and a fine sense of honor. He loved knowledge, and, with Bella's assistance, he had had as many books as he wished to read and study. He had been with the baronet now six years, and during that time he had brought up more pearls for his employer than any other two men, if we except one native who had been dead now over a year. He was a noble-looking youth, carrying national pride in his soul, and modesty and goodness in his soul and face both.

"Bella," he said, as they reached the extremity of the garden and sat down beneath a talipot tree, "I hardly think I shall spend another season in Ceylon."

"What?" uttered the maiden, gazing up into her companion's face as the smile faded away from her own. "Not live in Ceylon? Do you mean to leave us?"

"Yes—I must go."

"No, no, Allan—you do not mean so. You will not leave us."

"I fear I must, Bella."

"But wherefore? Oh, if you go, what shall I do?"

"You will find plenty to do."

"Ay—to sit and cry because I am so lonesome. You will not go, Allan—you will not. Tell me you will not go."

"Ah, Bella, you know not what you say. I must not stay."

"But why not?"

"Why—the reason should be plain," replied the youth, with some hesitation. "But I can speak as plainly as you wish. I surely will not hide anything from you, though I would rather you should gain the knowledge from your own understanding."

"But, Allan, how can I? What is it? Tell me—tell me all."

Allan Wilton gazed some moments into the fair girl's face, and then said, with some tremulousness in his tone:

"Pardon me, then, for the speech I now make. You know how long I have known you. You know I came here a poor boy, when you were a laughing, joyous girl——"

"And am I not the same now?"

"You may be in that single respect; but, alas! no longer a mate for me. O, I must speak plainly now! Bella, these years I have passed near you have been happy ones, for amid all my toil the light of your smiles has cheered me on. But I am a boy no longer, nor even a youth, as we use the term distinct from manhood. I am a man now, and you have grown a woman. Even now I shall never efface your image from my heart, nor would I if I could. Buf if I remain longer I shall only become more firmly bound by those ties which must break the heart in rending. O, Bella—good, noble girl—you must see it now. It would be wicked for me to stay. Plainly, now, I tell you—it can do no harm—I love you too well to stay longer. Now you have the truth."

The fair girl withdrew her hand from the youth's loosened grasp, and bowed her head. She remained thus some moments. Finally she looked up, and the moonbeams were reflected from the pearly tears that had collected in her eyes, and now stood trembling upon the lashes.

"Allan," she said, in a low, agitated tone, "I do understand you, and if I have never before thought of this as you now present it, is because I have been so happy in your company that I have not looked much to the future. For joy, I have only looked to your coming, from hour to hour, and from day to day. But do leave me now—Oh, do not! I should die if you were gone!"

With these words, spoken at the close in quick, spasmodic tones, she placed her hand upon Allan's arm, and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

"But," said Allan, trying to be calm, "why should I stay, when it could only end in misery to us both? Oh, you should know that to live thus we should be unhappy unless we could be united forever—and that cannot be."

"Why may it not be?" murmured the maiden, without looking up.

"How, Bella? Would you consent?"

"Oh, with all my heart, and all my soul!"

And as the fair girl thus spoke, she clung more closely to the noble youth.

For a moment Allan forgot all else but the words he had just heard; but he would not deceive himself.

"Alas!" he uttered, "I could almost wish I had never known the thing you have told me, for your father will never consent to this—"never!"

"He may—he may," cried Bella, earnestly. He loves me, and I do not think he would see me miserable. He has money enough, and——"

"Hold, Bella. I can have as much money as we should ever want. I possess a secret that is worth more than I should dare to estimate. I know of a new pearl bank which no man save myself has yet seen. But your father is too proud to mate his child with a pearl-diver."

Yet Bella was hopeful. She made Allan promise that he would not go away till he could know all, and she even intimated that, rather than live without him, she would follow him.

"Are you crazy, my child?" Sir John Lakin cried, as his daughter confessed her love for the poor pearl-diver. "Marry you with such as he? Preposterous! Why, I should as soon think of seeing you wedded to one of my native slaves."

"But Allan is good, father, and he is worthy of the hand of any woman in the country. He loves me, and I love him."

"Nonsense, Bella. I have a husband all ready for you! One who can provide for you."

"Perhaps you mean Condor Sudham," the girl said.

"Ay—I do mean him."

"Do you mean to tell me that I must be the wife of that man?" asked Bella, speaking more with astonishment than with fear.

"It is all settled, my child."

Bella gazed into her father's face in speechless surprise; and no wonder. This Condor Sudham was a scion of a Dutch family that once had a title. He was born on the island, and was now over forty years of age. He was a member of the legislative council, and a merchant, and was one of the most wealthy men in the country. He was a short, dumy, coarse, dark-featured man, well enough as a member of the government, but never made for an affectionate friend. He was married already to his money, and wife and children would only find a secondary place in his heart.

And such was the man the baronet would have his child marry. Sudham had seen Bella often, and he thought she would make a fine addition to his estate. He would take a pride in showing her, and having her preside at his table. But the maiden herself had different opinions on the subject.

"If I thought you were in earnest, father, I should know exactly what to say."

"Ah, and what would it be, my child?"

"I never can be that man's wife."

"Very well. You will have a father's authority to contend with, then. Be assured you shall marry him, for so I have promised."

But the baronet found himself with more work on his hands than he had counted on. Bella grew sad and melancholy, and ere long the truth burst upon him that his child was beginning to lose all love for him. She looked upon him as the tyrant who would crush her, and she smiled no more in his presence. He could not help noticing this, and he wished to overcome it; but yet he thought not of granting to his child the holy boon she asked. He looked upon the poor pearl diver as the only obstacle to his plans. He had no faculty of looking down into the heart. He knew of only two powers of nature—two moral and social executives; one was power of station, and the other power of money. One day he and Sudham sat in council.

"Upon my soul," said the Dutch scion, "I must have her for my wife, for I have made all my plans with an eye to that event."

"And so she shall be, the baronet returned. "She is crazy now with this pearl diver."

"Why not send him off?"

"Because I fear Bella would go with him."

"But shut her up."

"Yes—I know. But then she would moan and grieve herself away."

"Then look," cried Sudham, energetically, for a very happy thought had struck him. "Why not get him to dive for the great pearl which is sunken close by the Bangale Rocks?"

"But would he do it?" returned the baronet, catching at the idea.

"Make him do it," suggested the merchant. "Promise him the hand of Bella if he succeeds."

"And suppose he does succeed?"

"He cannot. Among these rocks there is a current running so swift and furious that no mortal man can withstand it. Over twenty of the best native divers have lost their lives in pursuit of that pearl. I have seen logs of wood sunk near these rocks, with something attached to them to sink them, and in a few moments the surface of the water would be covered with splinters. I tell you if he dives there he comes not up alive."

"Very well," returned Lakin, after some thought; "if you say so, so be it."

"I do say so, and let it be done as soon as you please."

And so it was settled.

This pearl, after which Allan was to be requested to dive, was one which had been taken some years before on a bank not far from the rocks. Three divers were out, and all three of them were under water together, when an oyster of extraordinary size was seen. It was brought up and opened, and within was found a pearl as large as a robin's egg. As the boat was nearing the shore, a dispute arose among the divers as to who should receive pay for the pearl. From words they passed to blows, and in the struggle the oyster was lost overboard. It sank near the rocks, and as the oyster was dead, it could not have moved away by any volition of its own.

"No, no, no!" cried Bella, after Allan had informed her of the ordeal her father had given him to pass. "You shall not do this. Oh, all who have tried it have died!"

"But it must be so," returned the youth, calmly and firmly. "Your father has given me his solemn word, in presence of the councilor, Sudham, that if I bring him up the pearl I shall have your hand. If I die, then so let it be; but I feel that I shall not. Last night I had the most pleasant and promising dreams, and I have not a single fear in the prospect. Think: If I succeed—you are mine forevermore. Oh, we will not look beyond this! And listen: I think I hold a secret that none of the divers have fairly considered. They have always taken the time of the whole ebb of the tide, thinking that the water would be more still then; but I am sure that the most quiet time at the bottom is after the tide has begun to come in. At the ebb, there is surely a mighty current whirling around those rocks, induced by the subterranean channel; but when the tide has turned, and been half an hour on the flood, I think the water is more calm below, though it surges so furiously at the surface. But do not dissuade me. I know the undertaking is perilous; but what is my love for thee, if I would not risk my life to gain it?"

A vast crowd were collected about the shore opposite the Bangle rocks. The story of the strange trial which was to come off had become known among the people, and they had assembled to witness it. The chief magistrate was there, and other magistrates of that section. Bella was there with her father, and she was pale and trembling.

The hour had come—the moment of the clear ebb—but the pearl-diver was not yet present. Nearly half an hour passed away, and the people began to imagine that he would not come. But just as the murmur was becoming general, a boat appeared, coming around a distant point, in which were three men. One of them was Allan Wilton. He stood in the bow of the boat, and his bearing was firm and sure. He was dressed in a close-fitting garb of oiled silk, with a simple skirt of silk about his loins which reached half way to his knees.

At length the boat stopped, and there was a hushed stillness upon the shore. The water was in wild commotion, and the surges lashed madly among the rocks.

"Oh, he shall not dive?" gasped Bella, clasping her hands in agony. But her father bade her be still.

Four stout oarsmen rowed the boat to the spot where the youth wished to stop, and there they held it. He did not reach the place where the water hissed and boiled, but stopped at some distance from it. A few moments the light bark trembled close by the mighty caldron, and then the youth stood upon the bow. He cast one glance upon the fair form that now leaned upon the baronet for support, and then he closed his hands above his head and prepared to dive. There was a low murmur upon the shore, like the rumbling of a distant storm, and every eye was eagerly fixed upon the noble form. In a moment more, the diver left the bow of the boat, his body vibrated an instant in the air, and on the next the troubled waters had closed over it.

Bella Lakin stood with hands firmly clasped, her eyes fixed with a wild, vacant stare upon the spot where the youth had gone down, while every muscle and nerve in her frame seemed fixed as marble.

The minutes passed—one—two—three—and there was a quiver in Bella's frame and her hands worked nervously upon her bosom. The color now left her lips, and a more deadly hue overspread her countenance.

But look! There comes a shadow upon the surface of the water—the element breaks, and a human form arises. It is the pearl diver! He shakes his head smartly, and then strikes quickly out, with one hand firmly closed. But he goes not toward the boat. He turns his head to the shore, and his strokes are long and stout.

Bella started eagerly forward, and then sank back again. Her lips moved, and an earnest prayer of thanksgiving went up to God!

The pearl diver landed, and walked proudly up to where the baronet stood.

"Sir John," he said, "your long-sought prize is gained, and so is mine. Here is the pearl!"

He extended his hand as he spoke, and in it was one shell of the huge oyster. A filmy, musuclar substance still adhered to the shell, and in the midst of it was the massive pearl!

"It is not the one!" uttered Condor Sudham.

"No—it cannot be!" responded the baronet.

"Let me see!" shouted an old diver, working his way through the crowd. "I am the one who first found it, and I know it well, for I not only opened the shell and thus killed the oyster, but I measured the pearl. Ha! 'tis the one—the very one! and here is where I notched the shell in opening it. Gentlemen, this is the pearl!"

"Sir John," now spoke the chief magistrate, who had stood close by the baronet, "you cannot retract. By my soul, he must be a wretch indeed who could snatch reward from such devoted love and matchless daring."

"Ay, ay!" shouted a hundred tongues.

"It must be the pearl," the baronet uttered. He looked up as he spoke, and found that his child was already clasped within her lover's embrace, and that upon his bosom she was weeping in frantic joy. He dared say no more.

Condor Sudham cast one look of intense chagrin on the happy couple, and then turned away.

Within a week Allan Wilton held Bella to his bosom, and she was his for life; and within the next week he gained permission to fish for pearls during one year in any place which was not yet let out. He engaged his divers, and went out to the place of which he had once spoken to Bella, and there he went at work. People wondered at the vast supply of pearls he gained, and great effort was made to buy him off. But he maintained his exclusive right for the season, and at the expiration of that time stood second only to Sir John in wealth among all the men of the country. But this was only secondary in his life-cup. That one prize, which he gained when he went down amid the mad waters of the Bengale, was the brightest jewel in his crown of life—the "pearl of great price."

Signs of the Zodiac.

It was the belief of many of the ancients that the sun was a torch and that the stars were tapers which were periodically lighted and extinguished. Their philosophers developed this idea and endeavored to explain the connection of the stars with the earth—one of them advanced the idea that the stars were meteors, that is, terrestrial effluvia. And every reader of classical literature is acquainted with the belief of the Greeks and Romans as to the influence of the stars on planets and animals—a belief which found and held its sway even to modern times. The zodiac was the heaven which exactly corresponded to the earth; and it was the zodiac that protected the earth, taught the earth its duties, and pointed out not only days and seasons but also the proper work for each day and season. The zodiac was the first book that lay open for all to read written in runes, as the Scandinavians thought; in min and clif, as the Arabs interpreted it; and in the heiroglyphics of animals and symbols, as the Assyrians and Egyptians held. This conception, believed by the early astronomers, was, however, obscured by the continued displacement of the zodiac. Thus, in judicial astrology, the sign under which a child is born is always Aries, as in our almanacs it is the first sign of the year. Thus, also, the sign of Jupiter, in a slightly altered state, still heads our prescriptions. Agricultural and political life was at first regulated directly by the zodiac, then through the calendar, and the zodiac applied as well to civil life. It was by the days of the week, each placed under a protection of some stellar deity, that the priests regulated the whole civil life of a nation, its law courts, its markets, and its marriages. The philosophers pretended to explain the earth by the heavens, as the first study of the heavens embraced and led every other attempt to silence; but as those philosophers proceeded from the known to the unknown, they explained, in fact, the heavens by the earth, and in particular by man. After various shapes and symbols, the universe as a perfect and harmonious idea is conceived as the highest organism to be found on earth, a huge animal; this cosmical animal, owing to the interlacing of religious ideas, images and symbols, was supposed to influence the different parts of the body. The Egyptians peopled the constellations of the zodiac with genii; the rain was lord of the head, the bull of the neck and shoulders, the twins of the arms and hands, and the fishes of the feet. At certain times these parts were affected, for good or otherwise, and health, fertility or misfortune was traced to these bodies. It is related of Dante "the glorious stars pregnant with virtue, to whom he owes his genius, such as it is." Astrologers consider these constellations as favorable to literature and science.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Elephant Training.

New elephants, Mr. G. P. Sanderson tells us, are trained as follows: They are first tied between two trees, and are rubbed down by a number of men with long bamboos to an accompaniment of the most extravagant eulogies of the animal, sung and shouted at it at the top of their voices. The animal, of course, lashes out furiously at first, but in a few days it ceases to act on the offensive, or, as the natives say, "Shurum lugta hai." "It becomes ashamed of itself," and it then stands with its trunk curled up, shrinking from the men. Ropes are now tied round its body, and it is mounted at its picket for several days. It is then taken out for exercise, secured between two tame elephants. The ropes still remain round its body, to enable the mahout to hold on should the elephant try to shake him off. A man precedes it with a spear, to teach it to halt when ordered to do so, while, as the tame elephants wheel to the right or left, the mahout presses its neck with his knees, and taps it on the head with a small stick, to train it to turn in the required direction. To teach an elephant to kneel, it is taken into water five feet deep when the sun is hot, and, upon being pricked on the back with a pointed stick, it soon lies down, partly to avoid the pain, partly from inclination for a bath. By taking it into shallow water daily, it is soon taught to kneel even on land.

The Wail of the Red Man.

A live Indian is lecturing in this country on "The Red Man's Wail," says Burdette in the Brooklyn *Eagle*. We have heard it—the wail, not the lecture. Most earnestly do we hope never to hear it again. It is unlike any other wail in the Zoo. When the red man wails it is a sign of relief. He is sorry that you are so far away. And as he wails he tries to edge up a little closer. And when you discover that when you get clear down to your inside record you can only hitch away at the rate of twelve miles an hour, while the wailing red man is bashfully edging up at an eighteen-mile galt, with plenty of reserve force still left, there is in the sobbing cadence of his wail a longing, a wierd, fitful yearning, a wild thrill of pathos with hair on it, that makes you recklessly willing to trade off the whole Cœur d' Alene country for just a ten-minutes' right of-way four feet inside the New York State line.

He Was Resigned.

Old Mr. L——, according to the Boston *Globe* one of the best of men, is an invalid, but always maintains, despite his sufferings, a cheerful exterior.

"How do you feel to-day, sir," queried a friend recently.

"I'm feeling very poorly, thank God," he answered, cheerfully.

"Why is that?" asked the friend in astonishment. "You are suffering, and yet you thank God."

"Anybody can thank God when he is feeling well," was the reply.

WISE WORDS.

By other's faults wise men correct their own.

The secret of living is to say everything that can be said on the subject.

Popularity is not infallibility. Errors exist only while they are popular.

It is more difficult to dissimulate the sentiments we have, than to simulate those we have not.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

In all the affairs of life the lifting power of the lever depends upon where the fulcrum is placed.

Conscience is the great ally of reason; the two are what give to man the dignity and importance which he possesses.

There is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it; nothing so false that a sparkle of truth is not in it.

The more faith, the more humility; the more hope, the more cheerfulness; and the more charity, the more divinity we possess.

The curiosity that prompts us to search out valuable truths is honorable, but there is a great deal of idle curiosity that only hunts with its nose.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out his life in idle wishes and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.

Sincerity is an openness of heart; 'tis found in a very few people, and that which we see commonly is not it, but a subtle dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

Knowledge, economy and labor are the shining virtues of civilized man. They form the most enduring basis of society and the surest source of national and individual welfare.

We are all adventurers, each sailing out on a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart, of which there is no duplicate. The world is all gates, all opportunities strings of tension waiting to be struck.

Whatever study tends neither directly or indirectly to make us better men and citizens is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness; and the knowledge we acquire by it only a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more.

HEALTH HINTS.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until you are recovered, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat may be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere to a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

In cases of poisoning with poison ivy paint the affected parts as soon as possible with a mixture of quick lime and water. The mixture should stand half an hour after the lime and water are put together.

A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh, according to a medical man who had been burned repeatedly himself. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed-oil and then dust over with fine flour. When this last covering dries hard repeat the oil and flour until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.

A War Story.

Henry J. Savage, one of the Soldiers Home veterans, tells the following thrilling war story: The oft-mooted question "Was ever a desperately wounded soldier shot dead, at his own earnest solicitation by a comrade?" his answer in the affirmative by your humble servant. It happened as follows: The writer, a member of G company, First Delaware infantry, was then attached to the Third brigade (Weber's), Third division (French's), Second corps (Sumner's). After wading Antietam creek, plunging through plowed fields, stubblefields and cornfields, his regiment was finally located within plain view of the enemy, when the welcome command rang along the line to "load and fire at will." It was then that our daily target practice at Fortress Monroe came into excellent use, as many a poor chap of the Sixth Alabama learned to his cost. After firing eleven rounds the writer was wounded and ordered to the rear. While retreating in good order, but making most excellent time, his route led him through a portion of the Irish brigade. Here he saw a sight that capped the climax of horror. A member of that devoted brigade was aimlessly stumbling around with both eyes shot out, begging some one, "for the love of God," to put an end to his misery. A lieutenant of the Fourth New York was passing by, and, seeing the poor fellow's condition and hearing his appeal, he halted before him and asked if he really meant what he said.

"Oh, yes, comrade," was the reply, "I cannot possibly live and my agony is unendurable."

Without another word the officer drew his pistol, placed it to the victim's right ear, turned away his head, and pulled the trigger. A half-wheel, a convulsive gasp, and one more unfortunate had passed over to the silent majority.

"It was better thus," said the lieutenant, replacing his pistol and turning toward the writer, "for the poor fellow could—"

Just then a solid shot took the lieutenant's head off, and the "subsequent proceedings interested him no more."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Begin Aright.

A frowning face or unkind word may shroud a whole household in gloom the entire day, while cheery smiles, like brilliant sun rays, fill the atmosphere with glowing warmth and happiness. Let us cultivate the habit of good humor and sing with the poet:

"Dark clouds away and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow."

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

How General Scott's Life was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveler of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old time stage-drivers is met with nowa-days, and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in staging, driving the formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo), is hale and hearty and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain, near Lewiston, with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brake gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara river, toward which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length, and the horses brought to a stand still before the pale lookers-on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution, the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep a night; my appetite left me entirely, and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up, but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October, when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up; could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before: listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages, and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned and I am now well and good for twenty more years wholly through the aid of Warners' Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

Physiognomies.

A physiognomist in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: A scholarly person will have a good length of brain from the opening of the ear to the root of the nose, and will be full all across the brow. The mechanical man has a wide head at the temples upward and forward of the ear. The poet is expanded in the upper part of the temples. The commercial man has a broad head just forward of the ears, where the desire for property is represented. The quarrelsome man is broad above and behind the ears; such men are inclined to be warlike, or very forcible and energetic in business. The pious and sympathetic person is developed in the top head. Those who have a lordly, proud, dominating nature are high at the crown of the head. Those who are social, warm-hearted, loving and affectionate are largely developed in the back part of the head, and the distance from the opening at the ear is long.

The boy who stole up behind the hammock and cut the rope at the head-end under the impression that his brother was in it, and let his father down on the stoop so hard that it shot his artificial teeth out of his mouth and half-way across the lawn, will never undertake to cut another hammock-rope, if a solid opinion may be based on sound. And that boy will never forget how mean and crest-fallen and low-down he felt when he saw his little brother, whom he had set out to play the joke on, looking around the corner of the house while the old gentleman was prescribing the spring of osage-orange.—*Puck.*